

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

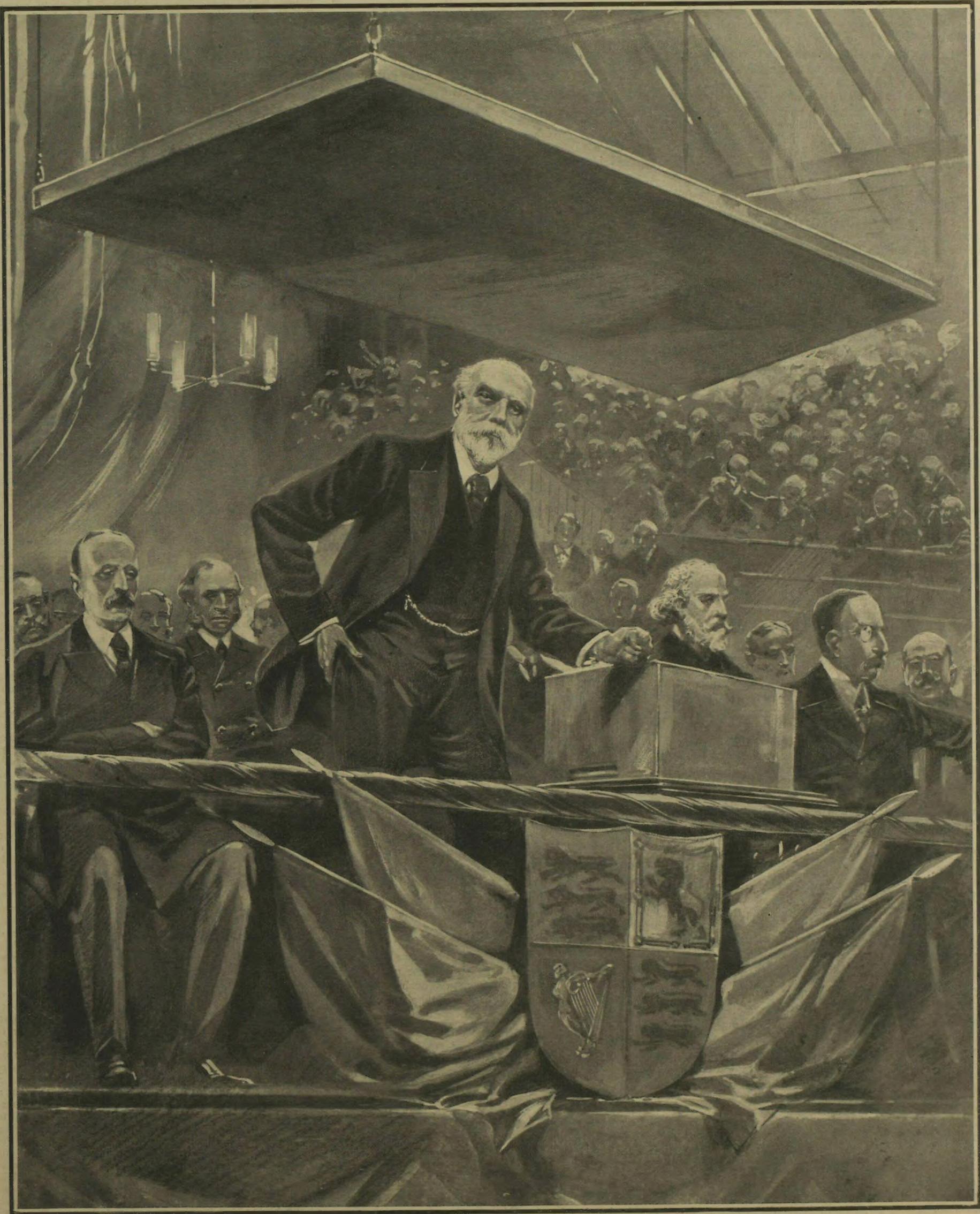
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Mr. Richard Bell.

Sir Thomas Roe.

Mr. Raphael.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FRANKEST CRITIC: THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS AT DERBY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DERBY.

On January 8 Mr. Burns addressed a meeting in support of Sir Thomas Roe and Mr. Richard Bell, Liberal candidates for the borough of Derby, and of Mr. Raphael, Liberal candidate for South Derbyshire. He said that Mr. Chamberlain's great defect, his cardinal economic sin, was for him to postulate Protection, and to say that his little "Morrison pill" was to be the cure-all and save-all.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of the modern controversies arise out of a complete inability to grasp the idea of human fraternity. We talk a huge amount of rhetoric about mankind and manhood and man as man; but we always contrive to forget the manhood of anybody who can contrive to get mentioned under any other special description. We constantly say, for instance, that So-and-So will certainly be exact, impartial, and veracious because he is a man of science. But we only remember the word "science" and forget the word "man." In so far as he is of science he will doubtless be exact, impartial, and veracious. In so far as he is a *man* of science he will be loose, partial, and a liar. So in the same way we speak of a military man, and say that if he is a military man he will be firm, masculine, and indomitable. In so far as he is military he is liable to have these merits. In so far as he is a man he is liable to run away. So again we speak of a medical man, and do not adequately reflect that he is a man, however medical. Even of the more attractive word "gentleman" the same principle is true. The man is inside the gentleman as certainly as the word "man" is inside the word "gentleman." The gentleman means only the man who is gentle. And the man is not always gentle.

Everything, including the daily newspapers, is full of this failure; this failure to perceive the permanent human disadvantages behind all the external variations of art or trade or speciality. But the human weakness is stronger than all these human powers; it is stronger and it will survive them. Instances, as I say, are scattered all over the most superficial literature and the most fugitive records of our modern society. It is unfortunate that the first example which emerges at the moment is an example which the literalist may not find to fall within the strict circle of the word "man." One must go back to Latin for the distinction; it is *de hominibus*, not *de viris*. I have always wondered why the human race collectively is called "Man." It would be nearer the truth to call it "Woman."

The recent case which has recalled to me this curious absence of the common sentiment of human nature is a case connected with females. In one of our most important daily papers there has been a controversial collision between Madame Sarah Grand and somebody whose name I forget. It was all about whether servants or mistresses conducted themselves in the more objectionable manner. Madame Sarah Grand opened on the side of the servants. From her account of the matter the reader would be led to suppose not only that mistresses were generally wrong (which is likely enough), but that servants were generally right—a proposition that taxes the power of credence. That ladies are all sinners is an indisputable fact; they say so themselves when they are in church. But that housemaids are all saints is a wilder religious proposition, requiring to be uttered in some more fantastic fane. It ought to be quite enough, I think, for the servants' apologists to assert that servants are often very abominably treated (as they are); I cannot imagine why they should wish to represent them as perfect and patient and always offering the other cheek. When they do offer a cheek it is generally not of the kind alluded to in the text. Why should anyone try to depict servants as long-suffering? It is enough, and more than enough, that they are suffering. But for eloquent people like Madame Sarah Grand, it is never enough to prove that we are offering bad usage to ordinary people; it must be shown that we are offering bad usage to good people. For their purposes we must show that the poor are saints. It is not enough that the poor are beyond question martyrs. These writers, I repeat, must convince themselves that we are offering bad usage to good people. If we are only offering bad usage to bad people, we are (I suppose) comparatively blameless. Yet offering bad usage to bad people is the worst and most cowardly tyranny of all. Nothing can be baser than to be unjust to the man who has fallen below justice.

Then, because Madame Sarah Grand had seemed to say that all the servants were right and all their mistresses wrong, of course other people must rush into the field and say that all the servants are wrong and all their mistresses right. And so the thing may go on for ever in an indecipherable altercation, just as it does between the actual individual lady and her actual individual maid. And in all this discussion no one thinks (apparently) of pointing out the mere heavy truism which is the beginning or basis of the whole condition. Before we go on, in a more airy sense, to discuss the differences between the lady and the servant-girl, why not, in a more solid sense, lay down the broad and evident fact—that there is no difference between the lady and the servant-girl? There is no difference at all. There is no difference at all, that is to say, as to the qualities present in the two persons; there may be some difference, perhaps, in

the proportion of their admixture. The servant has all the faults of a servant—suspicion, curiosity, an occult and mysterious obstinacy. Above all, she has that chief fault of a servant or of any proletarian: she has that complete irresponsibility, that complete frivolity as to work and its success, which is only possible to persons despotically governed. She has that appalling liberty which is only possible to slaves.

But though the servant has the faults of the servant, the mistress generally has the faults of the servant too, though not in the same degree. She is also, in a more decent degree, suspicious, obstinate, and yet highly irresponsible. Then again she, the lady, has the special faults of the lady. That is, she is ignorant of how things are done (the mark of aristocracies everywhere), she is absurdly sensitive to small things going wrong, and she has nerves. But there, again, the servant has nerves, but has not got them so badly. Nerves make a servant blunder; nerves make the mistress scold the blunderer. But the mistress calls her own nerves "nerves," and the servant's nerves "carelessness." The servant calls her own nerves "nerves" and her mistress's nerves "tyranny." To neither of them, apparently, does it occur to consider the mere fact that the other one is a woman, and an ordinary woman. Yet this very dull fact, common to both of them, explains all that anyone ever discussed or discusses about their conduct. The problem between ladies and servants is simple enough. Servants do not serve. Ladies are not lady-like. But the explanation is, if possible, even simpler. Servants do not serve because servants are human beings. Ladies are not lady-like because ladies are human beings. The slight superiority in philosophy and moral culture is on the side of the servants, who commonly know that they are human beings.

All this, of course, comes back to a very old affair. The whole of life becomes so very jolly and livable when once we have believed in original sin. If we believe (as some, I am told, do to-day) that every man is born innocent—then I can only say that to such a believer every man must appear a devil. The words of the wildest pessimist, of the wildest diabolist, seem hardly equal to expressing the vastness of that inventive villainy. By what abominable cleverness, by what hateful wit, did that sinless child contrive to twist himself into such a terror as an ordinary man? But if we realise all ordinary men to be at one ordinary disadvantage, how simple all their struggles become! The ordinary man can be considerate towards the ordinary man as one private soldier is towards another engaged against the same enemy. If once men are under original sin, how splendid they all are! And even the lady and the servant may leave off fighting each other, as they are both fighting themselves.

Undoubtedly Madame Sarah Grand is entirely right in so far as she means that the tyranny of women over their servants, where it really exists, is a very bad tyranny indeed. But this is only part of another point which ought always to be asserted, and which Madame Sarah Grand has always, oddly enough, by implication denied. Madame Sarah Grand has borne a brilliant part in that group of lady writers who are always representing not only that women do not abuse their power, but that women have no power to abuse. She who desires to show that some women are tyrants is the same lady who desires to show that all women are slaves. The real truth that there is behind her utterance on the subject of servants exactly illustrates one of the chief fallacies of her school when they deal with the position or dignity of ordinary housewives.

For the fact is that the chief difference between the average man and the average woman is simply that the woman is a ruler and the man is not. There are only too many indications that the great part of our politics is inspired by the rich—above all, our progressive politics. But there is no worse case of the plutocratic influence than in this ordinary phrase used for Woman's Rights, this phrase that men are rulers and masters and women menials. To hear these people talk one would think that every woman's husband was a Cabinet Minister. "Men," they say, "go out to sway the sceptre and to rule, while women sit at home." Men, as a matter of fact, go out to be shouted at and ordered about like niggers all day. Women, as a matter of fact, sit at home either shouting at and ordering about other people, or else in a god-like liberty and solitude. Everybody knows that women have a hard time, a quite indefensibly hard time. But it does not arise from being denied any powers or rights. It does not arise from being given no authority. As a fact, it arises chiefly from being given too much authority. And if there is a person in the world who, in comparison to the woman, can really and calmly be called a slave, it is the ordinary man. The ordinary man (the extreme woman's advocates will be surprised to hear) is not a pirate captain, nor a Prime Minister, nor the head man in an American trust, nor the Pope, but merely the servant of a business.

PRESIDENT LOUBET.

BY PARISIAN.

FOR seven long and eventful years M. Emile Loubet has stood for France in the eyes of the world. His visits to Spain and Portugal were almost the last official acts of his career. Some time ago he inspected the army of France at the grand manœuvres, and struck the true patriotic note in his address at the banquet to the Generals and their Staff. According to the Constitution of 1875 M. Loubet's tenure of office expires on Feb. 18 next. He is eligible for re-election, but he may not offer himself again. Like Cincinnatus, he will return to the plough. Nor is his love of homely ways surprising; he was born on a farm near the little village of Marsanne in the Department of the Drôme. Of good peasant stock, M. Loubet has never blushed for his parentage. His attachment to his aged mother was well known, and he made a point of visiting her at Marsanne at least once or twice a year. That gives the keynote to M. Loubet's character: fidelity and simplicity. The President has built himself a country château at Bégude-de-Mazenc, not far from his native commune, and here he intends to retire at the close of his official career. He will not, however, cut himself entirely adrift from Paris. He has taken a comparatively modest *appartement* in the immediate neighbourhood of the Luxembourg. It was in the Senate, indeed, that M. Loubet passed fourteen years of his official life as Senator and then as President of that august assembly. If the Constitution is altered, as is proposed, M. Loubet will return thither as life member. But this is to anticipate.

M. Loubet has become the most popular of all French Presidents, not excepting Félix Faure, who had a manner all his own of ingratiating himself with the Parisians. The man whom London delighted to honour is the architect of his own popularity. When he was elected by the National Assembly at Versailles seven years ago, he was received with shouts of derision by the Parisians; mud was thrown at his carriage. He had taken the world by surprise, and the world did not forgive him. He was the dark horse that had arrived unexpectedly at the winning post. Then followed the shameful incident of Auteuil, in which the President was struck by a well-dressed Nationalist rowdy. That was the turning point. The insulters had gone too far. Thenceforward the new Chief of State was to gain the sympathy of the Parisians, and finally their affectionate esteem. M. Loubet has been a "correct" President. He has always steered the middle course of moderation and tactful judgment. During the terrible upheaval of the Dreyfus case M. Loubet exercised a judicious and calming influence on both parties, and more recently his quiet and continuous support of M. Delcassé, whilst it did not save the Minister from disaster, did much to palliate an unfortunate incident. His term of office will be principally remembered for the birth and solemn christening of the *Entente Cordiale*. It was at first proposed that the meeting of the two Chiefs of State should take place at Nice. "No," said M. Loubet. "Let us meet in Paris; the effect will be all the greater." It was a triumphant success. The poor districts of the North and East of Paris combined with the wealthy regions of the centre and West in giving King and President the heartiest welcome. M. Loubet was one of the first to express his gratification to Sir Edmund Monson, the then Ambassador of England, at the success of the visit. He had personally shown his interest in it by cutting short his itinerary in Algeria in order to be back in Paris on that memorable First of May when King Edward alighted from the little station at the gateway to the Bois.

It is a curious fact that there may be two Presidents of the Republic during the first fortnight of February 1906. M. Loubet's term will not have expired, and his successor will have been appointed. The case has never arisen before during the thirty odd years of the Third Republic's existence. Thiers, who was driven from office by a vote of the National Assembly, had his successor appointed in twenty-four hours. Marshal MacMahon, who retired in January 1879, was immediately replaced by M. Grévy. The last-named, it is true, was re-elected in 1886, but on account of a scandal which touched his family, he did not complete his second term. Sadi Carnot, who replaced him, died by the dagger of an assassin one Sunday night, ten years ago, at Lyons. Casimir-Périer's mysterious resignation, after six months of office, and M. Félix Faure's equally mysterious death, rendered impossible in both cases this curious Constitutional picture of two Presidents facing one another like "chiens de faïence."

Between Emile Loubet and Félix Faure is a great gulf fixed. The latter was vain and pompous. He was a fine figure of a man, and he was well aware of it. He loved the popular applause. He had the elder Pitt's liking for theatrical effect. His fashion of presiding over the meetings of Ministers at the Elysée differed essentially from that of the actual President.

M. Loubet's *forte* lies in his marvellous knowledge of administrative detail. He has occupied almost every public office under Government from Mayor to President. In consequence he can put his finger on any piece of legislature at a moment's notice. General Horace Porter, the late American Ambassador in Paris, once told me how surprised he was at M. Loubet's great memory for treaties and special commercial covenants. In a word, M. Loubet is the ideal President for such a Republic as France, where a man of great personal ambitions and of exceptional magnetic power is wont to attempt dangerous experiments in government. Avoiding the display of M. Félix Faure on the one hand, and the niggardliness of M. Grévy on the other—who from his parsimonious ways was always said to have had the soul of a concierge—M. Loubet has steered the happy middle course. His native ability, shrewdness, and common-sense have stood him in excellent stead for the work of the State; his kindness and unfailing good-nature have endeared him to the masses; and his admiration for England has made him a most powerful instrument in the *Entente Cordiale*.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE JURY OF FATE." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.
THERE is a fine idea at the back of Mr. McLellan's new play at the Shaftesbury, "The Jury of Fate," but it is smothered under a tissue of loosely-connected, bizarre scenes of melodrama. The idea resembles that of "Faust," in that its hero obtains a fresh lease of life, but differs in that his second chance is given him, not by evil, but by righteous powers. A poet is he, dying in a drunkard's delirium and craving the opportunity of redeeming his wasted past. In a prelude of no little impressiveness he is granted his prayer by a supernatural visitant, and so the drama of his rejuvenation starts promisingly enough. Still a poet, this modern Faust woos—and marries—an innocent maid, but his whole heart is in a play of his which is damned irretrievably. With its failure comes the failure of the man's second life: he takes a wild gallop down the road to ruin—even as far as murder—and so faces the sword of death with even a worse record than before. Mr. McLellan's idea, it will be seen, is only dragged in at the end, and is never wrought into the texture of his play; indeed, the playwright has suffered his imagination and his eye for the picturesque to run away with him, and the result is a melodrama in snippets, a story without either cohesion or logical development. Its first-night chances were not improved by its interpretation. Mr. H. B. Irving, as hero, over-emphasised the piece's blood-and-thunder side and put too little light and shade into his impersonation, and the only other performance calling for notice was that of Miss Lillah McCarthy, who lent considerable personal fascination to a rôle but vaguely outlined by the author. Mr. McLellan must try again, and try not to be so lurid; "The Jury of Fate" will not prove a second "Leah Kleschna."

"THE HARLEQUIN KING." AT THE IMPERIAL.

As adapted for Mr. Waller's Imperial management by Messrs. Louis Parker and Selwyn Brinton, Dr. Rudolph Lothar's romantic drama of "The Harlequin King" fully justifies its Continental reputation; it has all the exuberant fancy and varied incident, and breathless adventure and dazzling spectacle and rich colour, with which work of this more superficial type atones for lack of subtle introspection; and along with these close observation will discover the charms of graceful diction and an underlying note of satire which betrays itself even in the official description of the play as a "masquerade." Of course, the German dramatist owes much to his predecessors; his last act, for instance, closely resembles, and must have much more closely resembled in the original version with its unhappy ending, the great scene of "The Maid's Tragedy." Still, there is a fine audacity and *élan* about the story. Its opening passages, wherein at the very moment of his father's dying, a vicious young Prince insults a poor strolling actress and is struck down by her harlequin lover, who himself, without a moment's hesitation, in order to save himself, assumes the Prince's identity—appeal by the very boldness of their conception and the rush of their events. Equally effective—it would be more so with a tragic conclusion—is the final scene, in which the humble Columbina, unaware that Harlequin is King, gives out that she is ready to grant favours to the King she denied the Prince, and waits in her room to avenge her lover. Admirers of Mr. Lewis Waller will not need to be told what a triumph the title rôle procures this actor, thanks to his picturesque presence and his fervent, richly coloured declamation. Beautiful, too, and touching is Miss Evelyn Millard's representation of Columbina, though sometimes a trifle self-conscious; while there is an impressive dignity about the elocution of Miss Mary Rorke's blind Queen; and both Mr. McKinnel and Mr. A. E. George contributed not a little to secure for the play a record first-night triumph.

A DAINTY "CINDERELLA" AT THE EMPIRE.

Dainty indeed is the newest of Cinderellas. Adeline Genée is her name, and she appears, of course, at the Empire, where the pretty old nursery legend, provided most happily with a setting of the Louis Quinze style of decorative art, has inspired a ballet of exquisite graciousness and gracefulness. Cinderella as the centre of a vast group of Watteau figures, all robed in ravishing costumes which make the most perfect harmony of colours in their bewildering variety—such is the chief impression playgoers will carry away from the Empire. That they will remember, and the fairy dancing of Genée's Cinderella over flowers and ferns and amid lamp-lit glades, and the wonderful series of processions in the ball-room scene. "Cinderella," indeed, has every accessory that can please. The music of Mr. Sydney Jones is just of the right type, at once melodious and refined; there are various humorous dances and droll scenes in the ballet, which give scope to Messrs. W. Vokes and F. Farren as the inevitably comic Baron and Baroness; and even the Empire stage has never shown a more beautiful succession of stage-pictures than these, in which it illustrates the career of our children's favourite heroine.

"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM," AT THE CRITERION.

That entertaining and picturesquely dressed musical comedy, "The White Chrysanthemum," reached a second edition last Wednesday at the Criterion, and various fresh songs, dances, and "business" were incorporated into the piece. *Imprimis*, Madame Fuji Ko, a real Japanese lady, sings a ditty of her native land and performs an Eastern dance with the characteristic gracefulness of her countrywomen. Then, again, Miss Isabel Jay has been given a pretty waltz-song with a very effective refrain; Miss Louie Pounds has now taken up the part vacated by Miss Marie George, and proves the most acceptable of substitutes; and all the old favourites, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. H. A. Lytton, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, and Miss Millie Legarde, work hard and successfully to amuse their audience.

"TWO NAUGHTY BOYS." AT THE GAIETY.

In the little music-play of "Two Naughty Boys," Mr. George Grossmith junior as librettist, assisted by Miss Constance Tippett as composer, has fashioned out of certain German picture-books an entertainment that should give great delight to children. The wonderworld to which he takes us is one of those quaint toy-villages in which the trees assume a Noah's Ark shape and everything and everybody is as good as can be save two little boys, who are imps of naughtiness and are the despair of the watchful fairies. The two model girls of the village, Grizel and Gretchen, are set the task of reforming wicked Max and Moritz; but for a time their labours are not very fruitful, for the boys tie the girls' plaits together, wring the necks of their mother's chickens, set traps for callers, pitch into a batch of dough, and are baked in the oven, yet still pop out their heads unharmed through the crust—nay, are ground to fragments by the miller, and yet are saved by the fairy—now, at length, redeemed characters. It will be seen that their pranks afford plenty of rough-and-tumble fun, and with Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. William Spray cast for the two titular parts, that fun is made the very most of, as might be expected. The composer, too, has written a modest but bright score, her songs and duets for the heroines, represented very quaintly by Miss Coralie Blythe and Miss Alice Hatton, being particularly graceful and sprightly.

RÉJANE AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

The imitable Madame Réjane is with us once more, and after making her bow last week at the renovated Royalty Theatre, in Pailleron's "Souris," has been appearing this week in Meilhac's now rather old-fashioned and very slight farce "Décoré." Somewhat out of date, certainly, are the confidences its characters address across the footlights, while its plot is the thinnest of threads; nevertheless, in the rôle of the impulsive heroine of this merry piece, Madame Réjane is able to exploit to an unusual extent her matchless comedy gifts, her irrepressible high spirits, and her delightful sense of humour. Therefore, as long as the actress cares to appear in it, "Décoré" will always prove acceptable.

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DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS.—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30, the Children's Pantomime, "CINDERELLA." Walter Passmore, Harry Randall, Harry Fragon, Arthur Williams, Johnnie Danvers, Arthur Conquest; Queenie Leighton, May de Sousa, Emily Spiller, Pollie Emery, Daisy Cordell, Tiller Troupe, &c.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Late Lord Ritchie.

Lord Ritchie of Dundee, who was raised to the peerage only a month ago, had scarcely time to realise his new honour when death found him. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who made his resignation of his last Ministerial office memorable by his sturdy devotion to Free Trade principles, was seized with paralysis at Biarritz on Jan. 6 and died three days later. Charles Thomson Ritchie was born at Dundee on Nov. 19, 1838, and was the fourth son of the late William Ritchie of Rockhill. He was educated at the City of London School. He first entered Parliament in 1874 as Member for the Tower Hamlets. He afterwards sat for St. George's-in-the-East and for Croydon. His offices were Secretary to the Admiralty, President of the Local Government Board, of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1892 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. As a statesman he won confidence rather for sanity and courage than for brilliancy.

The King in Council dissolved Parliament on Jan. 8, and within a few minutes of the signing of the Proclamation the senior member of the Lord President's department was on his way to the

Lord Chancellor's office with the command to issue the writs for the Election. These used to be delivered with great ceremony by special messenger, and fifty days used to be allowed for their return. Nowadays there is greater despatch. Only within the districts of London and Middlesex are the writs still delivered by the Crown messengers to the returning officers, where these officials live within five miles of the city. The others go to the nearest postmaster, who has special instructions to see to their delivery, so that there is very little fear of a writ going astray. The returning officer gives the local postmaster a receipt, which is forwarded to the Postmaster-General, who has it entered in a book which lies open to public inspection. In counties and district boroughs polling must be held within nine days of the receipt of the writ, in other boroughs, including the London divisions, within three days. The first possible day for polling is Saturday, Jan. 13, the last is Saturday, Jan. 27, except in the case of Orkney and Shetland, for which there is a special enactment. The new Parliament will assemble on Feb. 13.

THE STRAP-HANGERS' HOPE: SIR GEORGE GIBB.

New Chairman and Managing Director of the Metropolitan District Railway.

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Mr. Burns at the Top of his Form.

The Right Hon. John Burns has added considerably to the gaiety of the nation with his delightful election appeal to the voters of Battersea. Happily the electors are not allowed to enjoy any monopoly of their member's political truths. All who run—to a half-penny paper even—may read. The last Cabinet had much to contend with; perhaps it is as well that the members never realised that a chief was in their neighbourhood taking notes—and such notes! But for the veins of altruism that shine through the manifesto from the clefts of many an infinitive, we should be forced to conclude that the corruption, the inefficiency, and the political debasement of the last Cabinet had made the Member for Battersea hopeless of his country's future. No remedies are too drastic for the iniquitous conditions that have been revealed to the Labour leader's unflinching eye. All the Estates must go. The seventeen new Peers must needs look to their coronets, and have them made as quickly as possible, for their enjoyment of them is likely to be of the briefest. The House of Lords may yet serve a worthy purpose by becoming a place of meeting for the London County Council, and honest John hints at ideas still more Republican than these. If no hereditary legislators are to enjoy rule in these islands—and Battersea seems likely to object to the continuation of government by limited monarchy—there is nothing left but a Republic. For that, of course, we need a President, and it may be suggested that Mr. Burns really understands Democracy.

Our Supplement. The Election map of the three kingdoms which we publish this week as a four-page Supplement, may quite justly claim to be the most complete thing of its kind

and boroughs of the more crowded districts were for the sake of clearness set down outside the general outline of the map. No Irish candidates could be given owing to the incomplete state of the nominations. Unionist divisions are coloured red, Radical blue, and Nationalist are left white. In order to follow the Election, it is only necessary to alter the colour of the discs with red or blue chalk, according to the result. At each side of the map will be found a graduated scale with a figure of Mr. Balfour and another of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. These can be cut out and hung on the wall, and the figures of the two leaders can be moved along the scale as the results from the constituencies come in.

Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, first Baron Glanusk, who died on Jan. 6, devoted his public life

to Hereford and Brecon, of both of which he was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant. He had filled, in addition to the posts mentioned, those of magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of Radnor, High Sheriff of Breconshire, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Lord Lieutenant, Chairman of the County Council of Brecon, Honorary Colonel of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the South Wales Borderers, M.P. for Herefordshire and the City of Hereford, and Provincial Grand Master Freemason of Hereford. He was distinguished for his fair and just mind, and his great business capacity, which won him confidence in his public capacity. In Parliament he was frequently Chairman of Select Committees.

In the Very Rev. Henry Carrington, Essex lost its oldest and one of its most scholarly clergymen on the 2nd of the month. In 1838 he became

curate of Hadleigh, Suffolk, and seven years later he was appointed Rector of Bocking, a living which carries with it the honorary title of Dean. As an author the Dean did much good work, including translations of Thomas a Kempis, of Baudelaire, and of Victor Hugo's poems, and he also issued an anthology of French poetry.

Mr. Harrison Weir, the well-known artist, journalist, and author, who died on the 3rd of the month at the age of ninety-eight, was the last member of the original staff of this Journal. He worked also, at one time or another, for the *Graphic*, the *Pictorial World*, and a host of other papers and books. At the age of nineteen he became a pupil of George Baxter, the colour-printer, but the particular style of art did not find favour with him, and it was not long before he launched out for himself. His studies of birds and animals soon brought him fame; by the time he was two-and-twenty he had been elected a member of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, and for many years his pictures were amongst the most popular of their class. His *magnum opus* was "Our Poultry, and All About Them," a work that was twenty years in the making, contains over 600,000 words, and is illustrated by 350 black-and-white drawings and 37 coloured pictures.

Sir George Gibb, appointed Chairman and Managing Director of the Metropolitan District Railway, in succession to the late Mr. Yerkes, brings to his new post a ripe experience. He entered the solicitor's office of the Great Western Railway when

he was twenty-three; in 1882 he became solicitor to the North-Eastern Railway, and nine years later General Manager of the same line. He served on the War Office Reorganisation Committee and on the Traffic Commission.

Mr. Vyell Edward Walker, who died on Jan. 3 in his sixty-ninth year, was the most famous cricketer of a family of famous cricketers. He made his first appearance in a match in 1853, when he was in the Harrow eleven that opposed Winchester. A few more seasons brought him to the position of one of

the best all-round cricketers of his day; he was a good bat, an excellent field, and an almost unrivalled lob-bowler. One of the founders of the Middlesex County Club, he captained the eleven in many fine games, and became president of the club in 1898. He was also an ex-president and one of the trustees of the M.C.C.

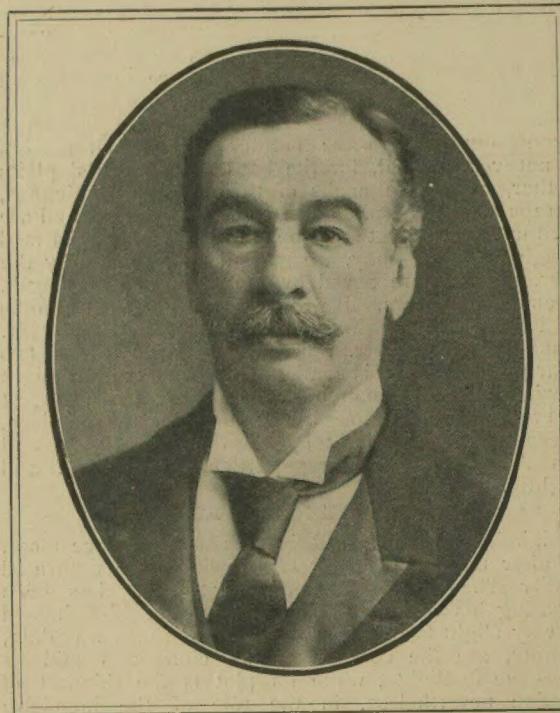


Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

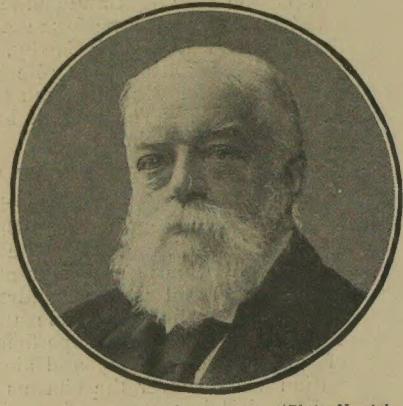
THE LATE LORD RITCHIE.
Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Photo. Vandyk.

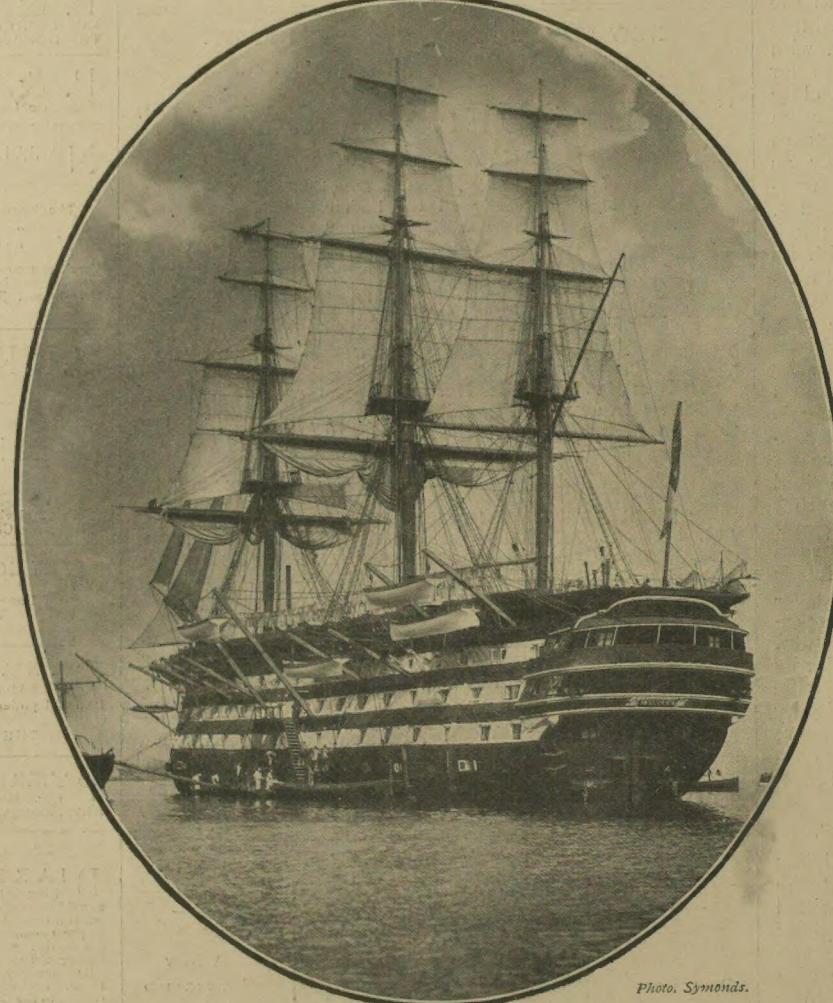
THE LATE LORD GLANUSK,
Provincial Grand Master Freemason
of Hereford.

Photo. Symonds.

THE OLD "ST. VINCENT" FLYING A PAYING-OFF PENNANT.

For forty years the "St. Vincent," that fought at Trafalgar, has been a training-ship. The boys have now been transferred to Shotley Barracks, Harwich.

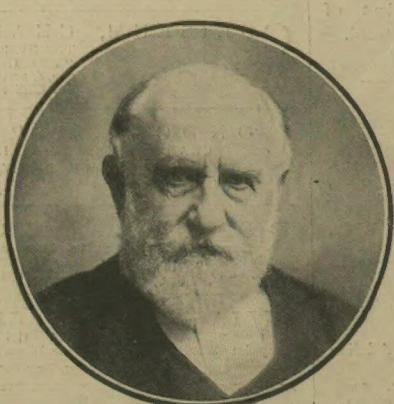


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MR. HARRISON WEIR.
The Last of the Original Staff of this Journal.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

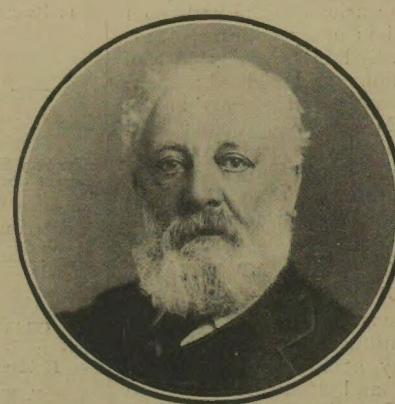
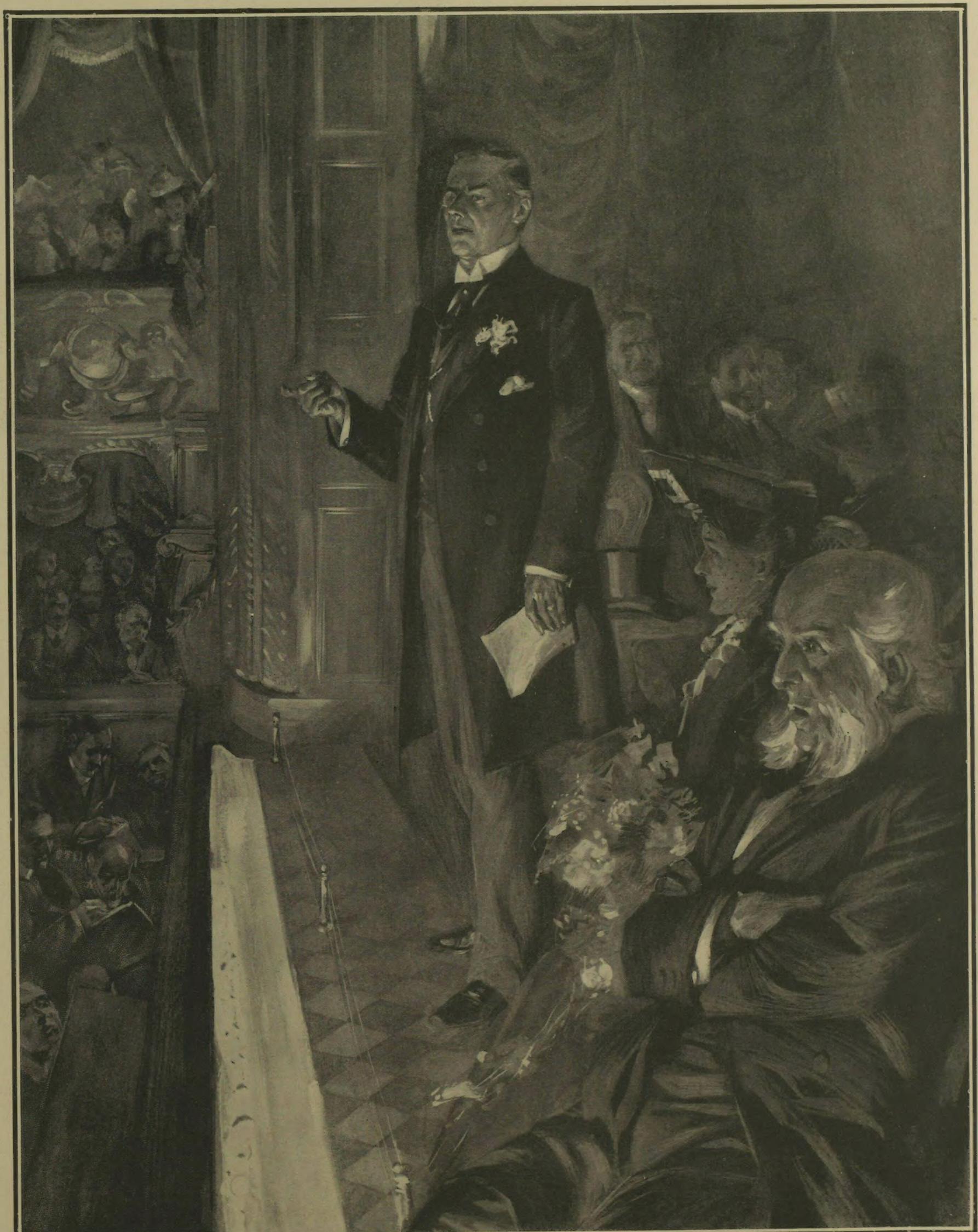
THE LATE VERY REV. HENRY CARRINGTON.
Dean and Rector of Bocking.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. V. E. WALKER.
Famous Cricketer, Middlesex County Team.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S NEW PIECE: "THE INTEGRITY OF THE EMPIRE."

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM SKETCHES BY PRESTON CRIBB, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.



Mrs. Chamberlain.

Sir Benjamin Stone.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE STAGE: THE MEETING AT THE CARLTON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

On January 6 Mr. Chamberlain spoke at the Carlton Theatre, Birmingham, in support of the candidature of Sir Benjamin Stone for the Eastern Division of the city. He said that on a previous visit he had paid to the constituency they were playing a very popular piece called "The Integrity of the United Kingdom." They had got a new piece now, but one which was, after all, much the same, called "The Integrity of the Empire."

BOTH SIDES IN THE ELECTION: ROUND THE LONDON BOROUGHHS.

SKETCHES BY H. H. FLÈRE.



1. The Liberal Candidate for North St. Pancras, Mr. H. Dickinson, at Gospel Oak Congregational Church.
2. Mr. Dickinson Replying to Questions.
3. Mr. G. A. Ring, Attorney-General for the Isle of Man, Speaking at Mr. Dickinson's Meeting.
4. Mr. Edward Moon, Conservative Candidate for North St. Pancras, answering Questions at Stanley Hall.
5. Earl Percy, at Mr. Moon's Meeting, Explaining why Mr. Balfour Remained so long in Office.
6. A Liberal Meeting at North Hackney: A Speaker Criticises the Business Methods of the late Government as Horse-Buyers for the War.
7. Mr. Lampard, Chairman at Mr. Hart Davies' Meeting at North Hackney.
8. Mr. Hart Davies, Liberal Candidate for North Hackney, gives his Opinion on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.
9. An Outdoor Meeting.
10. Enthusiast: "Go it; let 'im 'ave it," etc.

THE REVOLUTIONARY STRIKES IN ST. PETERSBURG: POLICE REPRESSION.

DRAWN BY PAUL THIRIAT FROM A SKETCH BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF "LE MONDE ILLUSTRE."



POLICE DISPERSING STRIKERS NEAR THE PUTILOFF WORKS.

In St. Petersburg the strikes had very little result except collisions between the workmen and the authorities. In one of the fights near the shipbuilding yards twenty-seven workmen were killed and a large number wounded. The authorities believe that in a few weeks the insurrection will be completely crushed.



1 Barricades Raised by the Revolutionaries in Little Bronnaya Street.

4. Revolutionary Terrorism by Post: Fitting a Detonator to an Explosive Letter.

7. Effects of Fire on Mr. Schik's House in Karetny Row.

2. A Students' Barricade in Dolgorukovsky Street.

5. The Barricade at the Corner of Great Bronnaya Street: Erected on Christmas Eve, and Stormed by Artillery on December 26.

8. The Romanoff House in Little Bronnaya Street after the Fighting.

3. A Barricade of Tramways.

6. Making Explosive Letters: Cutting out a Card to be filled with Fulminate of Mercury from the Jar on the Right.

9. The Wreck of the Sytin Printing-House in Pitanitsky Street.

The detonator of the explosive letter in No. 4 is very like that of an ordinary cracker, and is fixed by one end to the letter, and by the other to the envelope. When the letter is pulled out of the envelope, the detonator is fired and explodes the higher charge contained in the packet. (Photos 4 and 6 by Illustrations Bureau.)

THE APPROACHING RETIREMENT OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.



Madame Loubet.

President Loubet.

M. Paul Loubet.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AND HIS FAMILY IN THE GARDEN OF HIS CASTLE OF BÉGUEDE.

The President is exceedingly fond of country life, and is an excellent sportsman. He recently assured an interviewer that he had no desire for a new term of office, and he will doubtless enjoy to the full the leisure that his retirement promises him.

GAVON'S EVE.

By E. F. BENSON.



Illustrated by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSOON.

IT is only the largest kind of ordnance map that records the existence of the village of Gavon in the shire of Sutherland, and it is perhaps surprising that any map on whatever scale should mark so small and huddled a group of huts, set on a bare, bleak headland between moor and sea, and, so one would have thought, of no import at all to any who did not happen to live there. But the river Gavon, on the right bank of which stand these half-dozen of chimneyless and wind-swept habitations, is a geographical fact of far greater interest to outsiders, for the salmon there are heavy fish, the mouth of the river is clear of nets, and all the way up to Gavon Loch, some six miles inland, the coffee-coloured water lies in pool after deep pool, which verge, if the river is in order and the angler moderately sanguine, on a fishing probability amounting almost to a certainty. In any case, during the first fortnight of September last I had no blank day on those delectable waters, and up till the 15th of that month there was no day on which someone at the lodge in which I was staying did not land a fish out of the famous Pict's Pool. But after the 15th that pool was not fished again. The reason why is here set forward.

The river at this point, after some hundred yards of rapid, makes a sudden turn round a foaming corner into the pool itself; the water at the head is deep and gets still deeper down on the east bank, where there lies a long backwater. It is fishable only from the western bank, for to the east, above this backwater, a great wall of black and basaltic rock, heaved up, no doubt, by some fault in strata, rises sheer from the river to the height of some sixty feet. It is, in fact, nearly precipitous on both sides, heavily serrated at the top, and of so curious a thinness that at about the middle of it, where a fissure breaks the edge of it, and some twenty feet from the top, there exists a long hole, a sort of lancet window, one would say, right through the rock, so that a slit of daylight can be seen through it. Since, therefore, no one would care to cast his line standing perched on that precarious eminence, the pool must needs be fished from the western bank. A decent fly, however, will cover it all.

It is on the western bank that there stand the remains of that which gave its title to the pool—namely, the ruins of a Pict's Castle, built out of rough and scarcely hewn masonry, unmortared, but on a certain large and impressive scale, and in a very well preserved condition, considering its extreme antiquity. It is circular in shape, and measures some twenty yards of diameter in its internal span. A staircase of large blocks, with a rise of at least a foot, leads up to the main gate, and opposite this, on the side towards the river, is another smaller postern through which, down a rather hazardously steep slope, one scrambles rather than walks to the head of the pool which lies immediately beneath it. A gate-chamber, still roofed over, exists in the solid wall: inside there are foundation-indications of three rooms, and in the centre of all a very deep hole, probably a well. Finally, just outside the postern leading to the river is a small, artificially levelled platform some twenty feet across, with certain stone slabs and blocks dispersed on it as if to support some superincumbent edifice.

Brora, the post-town of Gavon, lies some six miles to the south-west, and from it a track over the moor leads to the rapids immediately above the Pict's Pool, across which, by somewhat extravagant striding, one can pass dry-foot over the river on big boulders and up the steep path, to the north of the basaltic rock, to the village. Otherwise, the road between it and Brora lies in a long détour higher up the moor, passing by the gates of Gavon Lodge, where I was staying. For some vague and ill-defined reason, the pool itself and the Pict's Castle had an uneasy reputation on the country-side, and several times, trudging back from a day's fishing, I have known my gillie take a longish circuit, though heavy with fish, rather than make this short cut in the dusk by the castle. On the first occasion when Sandy, a strapping, yellow-bearded Viking of twenty-five, did this, he gave as a reason that the ground round about the castle was "mossy," though, as a God-fearing man, he must have known he lied. But on another occasion he

was more frank, and said that the Pict's Pool was "no canny" after sunset. I am now inclined to agree with him, though, when he lied about it, I think it was because, as a God-fearing man, he feared the devil also.

It was in the evening of the 14th of September that I was walking back with my host, Hugh Graham, from the forest above the lodge. It had been a day unseasonably hot for the time of year, and the hills were blanketed with soft, furry clouds. Sandy, the gillie of whom I have spoken, was behind with the ponies, and, idly enough, I told Hugh about his strange distaste for the Pict's Pool after sunset. He listened, frowning a little.

"That's curious," he said. "I know there is some dim local superstition about the place, but last year certainly Sandy used to laugh at it. I remember asking him what ailed the place, and he said he thought

"Going to see Mistress Macpherson again tonight?" asked Hugh.

"Ay, puir body," said Sandy. "She's auld, and she's lone."

"Very kind of you, Sandy," said Hugh; and we walked on.

"What then?" I asked, when the ponies had fallen behind again.

"Why, superstition lingers here," said Hugh; "and it's supposed she's a witch. To be quite candid with you, the thing interests me a good deal. Supposing you asked me, on oath, whether I believed in witches, I should say, 'No.' But if you asked me, again on oath, whether I suspected I believed in them, I should, I think, say 'Yes.' And the 15th of this month—to-morrow—is Gavon's Eve."

"And what in Heaven's name is that?" I asked.

"And who is Gavon? And what's the trouble?"

"Well, Gavon is the person, I suppose, not saint, who is what we should call the eponymous hero of this district. And the trouble is Sandy's trouble. Rather a long story. But there's a long mile in front of us yet, if you care to be told."

During the mile I heard. Sandy had been engaged a year ago to a girl of Gavon who was in service at Inverness. In March last he had gone, without giving notice, to see her, and as he walked up the street in which her mistress's house stood, had met her suddenly face to face, in company with a man whose clipped speech betrayed him English, whose manner a kind of gentleman. He had a flourish of his hat for Sandy, pleasure to see him, and scarcely any need of explanation as to how he came to be walking with Catrine. It was the most natural thing possible: a city like Inverness boasted its innocent urbanities: a girl could stroll with a man. And for the time, since also Catrine was so frankly pleased to see him, Sandy was satisfied. But after his return to Gavon, suspicion, fungus-like, grew rank in his mind, with the result that a month ago he had, with infinite pains and blottings, written a letter to Catrine urging her return and immediate marriage. Thereafter it was known that she had left Inverness; it was known that she had arrived by train at Brora. From Brora she had started to walk across the moor by the path leading just above the Pict's Castle, crossing the rapids to Gavon, leaving her box to be sent by the carrier. But at Gavon she had never arrived. Also it was said that, though it was a hot afternoon, she wore a big cloak.

By this time we had come to the Lodge, the lights of which showed dim and blurred through the thick hill-mists that had streamed sullenly down from the higher ground.

"And the rest," said Hugh, "which is as fantastic as this is sober fact, I will tell you later."

Now, a fruit-bearing determination to go to bed is, to my mind, as difficult as the fruit-bearing determination to get up, and in spite of our long day I was glad when Hugh (the rest of the men having yawned

themselves out of the smoking-room) came back from the hospitable dispensing of bedroom candlesticks with a briskness that denoted that, as far as he was concerned, the distressing determination was not imminent.

"As regards Sandy," I suggested.

"Ah, I also was thinking of that," he said. "Well, Catrine Gordon left Brora, and never arrived here. That is fact. Now for what remains. Have you any remembrance of a woman always alone walking about the moor by the loch? I think I once called your attention to her."

"Yes, I remember," I said. "Not Catrine, surely; a very old woman, awful to look at. Moustache, whiskers, and muttering to herself. Always looking at the ground, too."

"Yes, that is she—not Catrine. Catrine! My word, a May morning! But the other—it is Mrs. Macpherson, reputed witch. Well, Sandy trudges there, a mile and more away, every night to see her. You know Sandy: Adonis of the North. Now can you account by any natural explanation for that fact—that he goes off after a long day to see an old hag in the hills?"

"It would seem unlikely," said I.

"Unlikely! well, yes, unlikely."

Hugh got up from his chair, and crossed the room to where a bookcase of rather fusty-looking volumes



Even as Hugh had said, a great flat slab had been dragged on to the platform.

nothing about the rubbish folk talked. But this year, you say, he avoids it."

"On several occasions with me he has done so."

Hugh smoked a while in silence, striding noiselessly over the dusky fragrant heather.

"Poor chap," he said, "I don't know what to do about him. He's becoming useless."

"Drink?" I asked.

"Yes, drink in a secondary manner. But trouble led to drink, and trouble, I am afraid, is leading him to worse than drink."

"The only thing worse than drink is the devil," I remarked.

"Precisely. That's where he is going. He goes there often."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, it's rather curious," said Hugh. "You know I dabble a bit in folk-lore and local superstition, and I believe I am on the track of something odder than odd. Just wait a moment."

We stood there in the gathering dusk till the ponies laboured up the hillside to us, Sandy with his six feet of little strength strolling easily beside them up the steep brae, as if his long day's trudging had but served to half-awaken his dormant powers of limb.

COSTUMES AT THE CHILDREN'S MANSION HOUSE BALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEAIGHT.



1. Reginald Palmer: Jester.

5. George Powell: Chinaman.

9. Walter and Joyce Cunliffe:

Romeo and Juliet.

13. Ella Mathurin Baird: France.

2. Gwennie Nathan: Witch's Bewitcheries.

6. Lilla Fraenkel: Vivandiere.

10. Allen Larry: Pierrot.

14. Judy Luard: Grannie.

3. Jocelyn de Sélincourt: "Trenitz" in "La Fille de Madame Angot."

7. Sylvia Paul: A Witch.

11. Violet Morrison: Merveilleuse.

15. Miss Dennis, Mayoress of Marylebone: A Japanese Girl.

4. Bernard Amendt: Lord Nelson.

8. Frank Latter: Old-time Jap.

12. Wilfred and Harold (Sons of Lady Barham): Princes in the Tower.

16. Richard Devereux (Son of Miss Annie Hughes): The Rt. Hon. John Burns.

stood between windows. He took a small morocco-backed book from a top shelf.

"Superstitions of Sutherlandshire," he said, as he handed it to me. "Turn to page 128, and read."

I obeyed, and read.

September 15th appears to have been the date of what we may call this devil-festival. On the night of that day, the powers of darkness held pre-eminent dominion, and overrode, for any who were abroad that night and invoked their aid, the protective providence of Almighty God. Witches therefore, above all, were peculiarly potent. On this night any witch could entice to herself the heart and the love of any young man who consulted her on matters of philtre or love charm, with the result

... any night in succeeding years of the same date, he, though he was lawfully affianced and wedded, would for that night be hers. If, however, he should call on the name of God through any sudden grace of the Spirit, her charm would be of none avail. On this night too, all witches had the power, by certain dreadful incantations and indescribable profanities, to raise from the dead those who had committed suicide.

"Top of the next page," said Hugh. "Leave out the next paragraph; it does not bear on the rest."

Near a small village in this county [I read] called Gavon, the moon at midnight is said to shine through a certain gap or fissure in a wall of rock close behind the river on to the ruins of a Pict Castle, so that the light of its beams falls on to a large flat stone erected there near the gate, and supposed by some to be an ancient and pagan altar. At that moment, so the superstition still lingers in the countryside, the evil and malignant spirits which hold sway on Gavon's Eve are in the zenith of their powers, and those who invoke their aid at this moment and in this place will, though with infinite peril to their immortal souls, get all that they desire of them.

The paragraph on the subject ended here, and I shut the book.

"Well?" I asked.

"Under favourable circumstances two and two makes four," said Hugh.

"And four means ..."

"This. Sandy is certainly in consultation with a woman who is supposed to be a witch, whose path no crofter will cross after nightfall. He wants to learn, at whatever cost, poor devil, what happened to Catrine. Thus I think it more than possible that to-morrow, at midnight, there will be folk by the Pict's Pool. There is another curious thing. I was fishing there yesterday, and just opposite the river-gate of the castle someone has set up a great flat stone, which has been dragged (for I noticed the crushed grass) from the débris at the bottom of the slope."

"You mean that the old hag is going to try to raise the body of Catrine, if she is dead?"

"Yes, and I mean to see myself what happens. Come too."

The next day Hugh and I fished down the river from the lodge, taking with us, not Sandy, but another gillie, and ate our lunch on the slope of the Pict's Castle, after landing a couple of fish there. Even as Hugh had said, a great flat slab of stone had been dragged on to the platform outside the river-gate of the castle, where it rested on short rude supports, which, now that it was in place, seemed certainly designed to receive it. It was also exactly opposite that lancet window in the basaltic rock across the pool, so that if the moon at midnight did shine through it the light would fall on the stone. This, then, was the almost certain scene of the incantation.

Below the platform, as I have said, the ground fell rapidly away to the level of the pool, which, owing to rain on the hills, was running very high, and, streaked with lines of greyish bubbles, poured down in amazing and ear-filling volume. But directly underneath the steep escarpment of rock on the far side of the pool it lay foamless and black, a still backwater of great depth. Above the altar-like erection, again, the ground rose, up seven rough-hewn steps, to the gate itself, on each side of which, to the height of about four feet, ran the circular wall of the castle. Inside, again, were the remains of bounding-walls between the three chambers, and it was in the one nearest to the river-gate that we determined to conceal ourselves that night. From there, should the witch and Sandy keep tryst at the altar, any sound of movement would reach us, and through the aperture of the gate itself we could see, concealed in the shadow of the wall, whatever took place at the altar or down below at the pool. The lodge, finally, was but a short ten minutes away, if one went in the direct line, so that, by starting at a quarter to twelve that night, we could enter the Pict's Castle by the gate away from the river, thus not betraying our presence to those who might be waiting for the moment when the moon should shine through the lancet window in the wall of rock on to the altar in front of the river-gate.

Night fell very still and windless, and when not long before midnight we let ourselves silently out of the lodge, though to the east the sky was clear, a black continent of cloud was creeping up from the west, and had now nearly reached the zenith. Out of the remote fringes of it occasional lightning winked, and the growl of very distant thunder sounded drowsily at long

intervals after. But it seemed to me as if another storm hung over our heads ready every moment to burst, for the oppression in the air was of a far heavier quality than so distant a disturbance could have accounted for. To the east, however, the sky was still luminously clear, the curiously hard edges of the western cloud were star-embroidered, and by the dove-coloured light in the east it was evident that the moonrise over the moor was imminent. And though I did not in my heart believe that our expedition would end in anything but yawns, I was conscious of an extreme tension and rawness of nerves, which I set down to the thunder-charged air.

For noiselessness of footstep we had both put on indiarubber-soled shoes, and all the way down to the pool we heard nothing but the distant thunder and our own padded tread. Very silently and cautiously we ascended the steps of the gate away from the river, and, keeping close to the walk inside, sidled round to the river-gate and peered out. For the first moment I could see nothing, so black lay the shadow of the rock-wall opposite across the pool, but by degrees I made out the lumps and lines of the glimmering foam which streaked the water. High as the river was running this morning, it was infinitely more voluminous

that Satan was invoked by every adoring and reverent name, that cursing and unspeakable malediction was poured forth on Him whom we hold most holy. Then the yelling voice ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and for a moment there was silence again but for the reverberating river.

Then once more that horror of sound was uplifted. "So, Catrine Gordon," it cried, "I bid ye, in the name of my master and yours, to rise from where ye lie. Up with ye—up!"

Once more there was silence; then I heard Hugh at my elbow draw a quick, sobbing breath, and his finger pointed unsteadily to the dead black water below the rock. And I, too, looked and saw.

Right under the rock there appeared a pale subaqueous light, which waved and quivered in the stream. At first it was very small and dim, but as we looked it seemed to swim upwards from remote depths and grew larger till I suppose the space of some square yard was illuminated by it. Then the surface of the water was broken, and a head, the head of a girl, dead-white and with long flowing hair, appeared above the stream. Her eyes were shut, the corners of her mouth dropped as in sleep, and the moving water stood in a frill round her neck. Higher and higher rose the figure out of the tide, till at last it stood, luminous in itself, so it appeared, up to the middle. The head was bent down over the breast, and the hands clasped together. As it emerged from the water it seemed to get nearer, and was by now halfway across the pool, moving quietly and steadily against the great flood of the hurrying river.

Then I heard a man's voice crying out in a sort of strangled agony.

"Catrine," it cried; "Catrine! In God's name, in God's name!"

In two strides Sandy had rushed down the steep bank, and hurled himself out into that mad swirl of waters. For one moment I saw his arms flung up into the sky, the next he had altogether gone. And on the utterance of that name the unholy vision had vanished too, while simultaneously there burst in front of us a light so blinding, followed by a crack of thunder so appalling to the senses, that I know I just hid my face in my hands. At once, as if the flood-gates of the sky had been opened, the deluge was on us, not like rain, but like one sheet of solid water, so that we cowered under it. Any hope or attempt to rescue Sandy was out of the question; to dive into that whirlpool of mad water meant instant death, and even had it been possible for any swimmer to live there, in the blackness of the night there was absolutely no chance of finding him. Besides, even if it had been possible to save him, I doubt whether I was sufficient master of my flesh and blood as to endure to plunge where that apparition had risen.

Then as we lay there another horror filled and possessed my mind. Somewhere close to us in the darkness was that woman whose yelling voice just now had made my blood run ice-cold, while it brought the streaming sweat to my forehead. At that thought I turned to Hugh.

"I cannot stop here," I said. "I must run, run right away. Where is She?"

"Did you not see?" he asked.

"No. What happened?"

"The lightning struck the stone within a few inches of where she was standing. We—we must go and look for her."

I followed him down the slope, shaking as if I had the palsy, and groping with my hands on the ground in front of me, in deadly terror of encountering something human. The thunder-clouds had in the last few minutes spread over the moon, so that no ray from the window in the rock guided our search. But up and down the bank from the stone that lay shattered there to the edge of the pool we groped and stumbled, but found nothing. At length we gave it up; it seemed morally certain that she too had rolled down the bank after the lightning stroke, and lay somewhere deep in the pool from which she had called the dead.

None fished the pool next day, but men with dragnets came from Brora. Right under the rock in the backwater lay two bodies, close together, Sandy and the dead girl. Of the other they found nothing.

It would seem, then, that Catrine Gordon, in answer to Sandy's letter, left Inverness. What happened afterwards can only be conjectured, but it seems likely she took the short cut to Gavon, meaning to cross the river on the boulders above the Pict's Pool. But whether she slipped accidentally in her passage, and so was drawn down by the hungry water, or whether she had thrown herself into the pool, we can only guess. In any case, they sleep together now in the bleak, wind-swept graveyard at Brora, in obedience to the inscrutable designs of God.

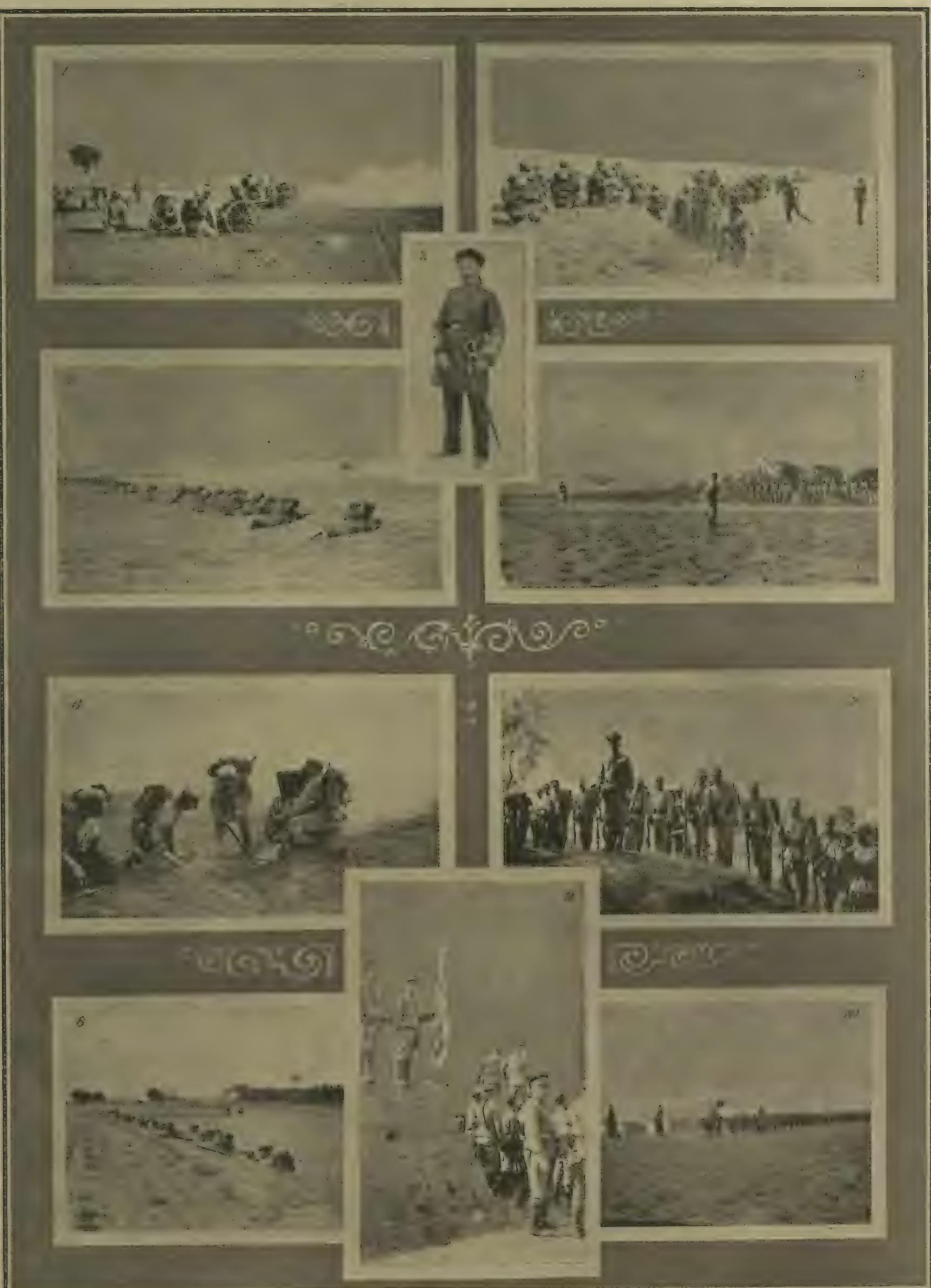
THE END.



A head, the head of a girl, dead white.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA: ARMY REORGANISATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. FRASER.



1. PRACTICE WITH KRUPP GUNS.

2. A COLONEL THRICE WOUNDED IN
THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR.

3. INFANTRY FIRING.

4. INDEPENDENT FIRING.

5. INFANTRY AT EASE.

6. KRUPP MOUNTAIN GUNS.

7. THE NEW CHINESE INFANTRY.

8. FIRING FROM COVER.

9. THE VICEROY YUAN-SHI-KAI WATCHING MAN-
OEUVRES FROM A CART.

10. A REGIMENT ON PARADE WITH THE COLOURS.

The reorganised Chinese Army has just held its first important manoeuvres, in which four Divisions took part. These were complete in infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, transport, and medical service. Thirty foreign attachés were present. The appearance and discipline of the new army astonished the military critics, the more so that the new organisation is only three years old. Within the next ten years it is intended to train half-a-million men for territorial defence. The Chinaman has never yet had a chance of proving his patriotism in the field, for he has hitherto felt that he was fighting for the private interests of corrupt mandarins; but his love of country and contempt of death are said to be quite equal to that of the Japanese. Nine hundred cadets are just now at the Military Academies, and a hundred are studying in Japan. To these the country looks for an efficient staff of officers.



THE NEW ORGANISATION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF SEAMEN: THE STOKERS' SCHOOL, H.M.S. "NELSON."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB

H.M.S. "Nelson," stationed at Portsmouth, has been fitted up as a school of instruction for stokers. She has just been put into commission, and the photograph shows a detachment of boy pupils being marched on board the vessel.



THE FIRES OF REVOLUTION: A ROUMANIAN FRONTIER GUARD WATCHING THE BURNING OF RUSSIAN VILLAGES ACROSS THE PRUTH.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOPK FROM A SKETCH BY ROOK CARNEGIE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROUMANIA.

The Roumanian authorities have greatly increased their forces on the frontier, as they think it possible that they may have to send troops to protect Roumanian subjects in Russian territory. The illustration is of a patrol on the banks of the Pruth watching the flames and flashes of rifle-fire. The incident occurred on the evening when a large number of Jews who attempted to cross the Pruth were massacred by Cossacks.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS VISIT THE "DREAM IN MARBLE."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE TAJ MAHAL BESIDE THE TOMB OF ARIMAND BANU.
THE WIFE OF SHAH JEHAN.

The Taj Mahal, which Shah Jehan built to commemorate his wife, is perhaps the greatest "sight" of India, in the tourist's sense. No drawing, it has been said, can do complete justice to so poetical a subject. "Words cannot express the multitudinous richness of its ornamentation, perfection of form, and minuteness of decoration, each lending assistance to the other." The white marble was inlaid with precious stones by Italian artists. The screen shown in our Illustration is of fretted marble.

The Prince. The Maharajah.

The Princess. Major Daly.



THE GORGEOUS STATE ENTRY OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES INTO GWALIOR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

At Gwalior the Prince and Princess were the guests of the Maharajah Sindha, by whom they were welcomed at the railway station. The Prince, with the Maharajah, mounted a magnificent elephant, and the Princess, accompanied by Major Daly, Agent to the Governor-General for Central India, mounted

a second elephant, and proceeded to the new palace. The State elephants, which carried burnished howdahs, were in the full ceremonial array of gold and silver head-pieces. Their ears, faces, and trunks were painted in fantastic designs, and their velvet trappings were heavily embroidered with gold.

N.B.—Four-Page Election Map in Colours
inserted here.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN BURMAH: RANGOON.



1. Mogul Street, Rangoon.

2. Rangoon: The Strand from the Bank of Bengal.

3. The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon.

4. Nats, or Burmese Fairies, at the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

5. Pagodas at Rangoon.

6. The South Entrance of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

7. Fytche Square, Rangoon.

8. Entrance to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

9. Interior of Pagoda, Rangoon.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda is the most famous object of worship in all Indo-Chinese countries. It enshrines hairs of Gautama Buddha. The photographs are by Bourne and Shepherd, Johnston and Hoffmann, and the Exclusive News Agency.

DEVIL-DANCING BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Maharajah
of Jammu.

Princess of
Wales.



Prince of
Wales.

Sir Walter Heir-Apparent of
Lawrence, the Maharajah.

THE WEIRD PERFORMANCE OF THE MONKS FROM LADAKH AT JAMMU.

The performers somewhat resembled Chinese. Their costume was a brown robe with patches of lighter cloth here and there. Most of the head-dresses were fawn colour. The principal dancers wore grotesque masks.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him: but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!'—CARLYLE.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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MONTE CARLO.

Society has adopted the Riviera. The weather prevailing during winter along the "Côte d'Azur" has proved an irresistible attraction to those who dread cold and foggy Northern climes and seek for spring in winter. Travelling has been brought up to date. Cross-Channel services, admirably arranged, have familiarised not only Society but also the great majority with the charms of the land of the olive and myrtle and the flowering orange-tree sung by Mignon. Clouds clear away as we pass the narrow streak of water bridged over by the *entente cordiale*. Then comes bright sunshine to greet the traveller at early morning as the "trains-de-luxe" make their way towards Avignon and Marseilles. A cloudless sky lights the blue waters of the Mediterranean, glints on the purple rocks or on the pine-forests which offer cool retreats on the hillsides. Cannes and Nice are left behind. The bay of Villefranche, with the old-world town on the one side and Cap Ferrat on the other, brings one to Beaulieu, in the midst of tall Alpine hills distinguished by the Tête-de-Chien, which overhangs the Principality of Monaco. Old chronicles tell how the hand of man transformed the rude and barren rock into a terrestrial Paradise. Palatial hotels and magnificent

villas have been built round and about the gardens of the Casino, which stands in the midst of those fairy-like plantations where the fresh spring flowers we are accustomed to see in April are blooming in the midst of all the

Although the tariffs at some of the leading hotels would seem to make the Principality very exclusive, such is not the case, and there is accommodation for all classes of travellers. The train service between Cannes and the Italian frontier enables visitors to live at other places, such as Nice, Beaulieu, and Mentone. Monte Carlo is, however, the centre of attraction along the Riviera. There is always something doing, something to be done. There is the lawn-tennis close to the International Sporting Club, where the most brilliant exponents play exhibition matches during the season. There is the morning promenade on the terrace, where men and women meet to exchange small talk and discuss news. In the afternoon there are pretty excursions and drives, while others can find amusement in the drolleries of the "stars" of Parisian music-halls engaged at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which combines an admirable collection of paintings, statuary, etc., with a theatre. There are modern and classic concerts, choicest music interpreted by an orchestra famous throughout Europe, while in the evening, the

handsome theatre, the *chef d'œuvre* of Charles Garnier, is open for performance of the best pieces from the Parisian répertoire or for introducing the best operatic singers of the day to a choice, cosmopolitan, audience.



THE TERRACE, MONTE CARLO.

luxuriant tropical flora in the middle of January. The palm and the aloe, the cactus and the yucca, adorn the broad terraces which seem to overhang the turquoise sea. Monte Carlo has become essentially a Society resort.

handsome theatre, the *chef d'œuvre* of Charles Garnier, is open for performance of the best pieces from the Parisian répertoire or for introducing the best operatic singers of the day to a choice, cosmopolitan, audience.

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LADIES' PAGES.

EVERYBODY concerned with politics is tremendously busy, of course, and the Riviera season is for the time being postponed. Fortunately, there are few of the educated class who do not realise to some degree their duty to take a certain share in public life. As Mrs. Barnett (of Toynbee Hall) observes—"The English system of government is based on the belief that there is in every district a leisured and cultivated class able to give time and thought to municipal and other public duties." In the general estimation, this duty is now held to be incumbent on ladies of position, as well as on men; and no constituency is without its band of active lady helpers to each of the great parties. Many of them, no doubt, work more for their husbands' interests, or at their male relatives' request, than they do for any "cause"; but many, on the contrary, themselves are convinced and capable politicians; and the fact that the two parties alike claim the support of women must dispose of the ancient bogey of women all voting one way and swamping the men voters who thought differently. There is no fear—or no hope—of women ever being so combined even about questions specially affecting their own sex. An illustration is freshly brought forward of the different views held on such a "woman's question" as the desirability of having laws passed to place restrictions on the wage-earning work of labouring women, from which restrictions the men of the same class are left free. Mrs. Sidney Webb, recently appointed on the Poor-law Commission, is an untiring advocate of such special laws for working women. But the will of the late Miss E. J. Boucherett has just been proved, bequeathing, in trust, to Lady Frances Balfour and two others the sum of £2000 for the purposes of the "Women's Freedom of Labour Defence League," the object of which is specifically to keep working women free from such differential laws and restrictions in wage-earning work.

On the general principle that it is best for the home to have the mother's personal care and oversight, instead of her working for wages outside it, the two parties on this subject would no doubt be agreed. The only question is whether it is proper to seek to attain that object by closing many of the doors of employment without any consideration of how the wants of the poor woman and her family are then to be met; and whether hardly-earned bread is not preferable to semi-starvation? The immense importance of the mother's services to her household is freshly emphasised by one point in a report just issued of investigations undertaken by the County Council in a certain school. The medical officer and the teachers co-operated in the inquiry, and one of the most



A GRACEFUL CONFECTION.

White chiffon or mouseline-de-soie is lightly put together, with trimmings of ribbon and chiffon ruches. The flounce is of silk, embroidered in silver.

striking facts that they have brought out is that the good effects of the mother's work being in and not out of the home are directly exhibited by the children. The reporters took 124 boys whose physique was conspicuously above the average, as judged by height, weight, and appearance; they also took 110 boys who were equally conspicuously below the average. The boys of superior physique had mothers employed as follows: 109 only looked after the home, 13 went out to earn, and two of the boys were orphans. But of the boys below the average, 57 had mothers who went out to work, 44 kept house, and nine boys were orphaned. In other words, of the best-developed children, 87 per cent. had the full benefit of maternal care, which was enjoyed by only 40 per cent. of the ill-developed.

There could be no more striking illustration of the fact that it is not, as one of the speakers at the recent Women's Congress cruelly stated, "the will of the mother that is always at fault" when the children are ill-cared for; it is more often the lack of opportunity to do her duty, the exhaustion of her time and labour in wage-earning work to support the home that prevent her performing her proper function inside it. To make the lesson complete, it is added that the very dirty children were considerably below the average physically, and the exceptionally clean ones as much above it. "Freedom of Labour Defence" for women and "legal restriction of Labour" advocates alike, then, must, and no doubt do, realise the value of the mother's work being given to her own home; but the best way to help working-class mothers so to employ their energies must be still subject for discussion among educated women who care about their poor sisters.

Sale-time is not suffering in the least from the depression in trade, the increased local rates, and the absurdly high income tax. Rather the contrary, indeed; the sales never were so crowded; as, after all, is reasonable, for it is when times are hard that women are compelled to save as much as they can on their dress purchases. The times when sales may be regarded with splendid indifference are the piping periods of prosperity when the stockbroker or the merchant husband is flourishing in the City, and good-naturedly flings a stray handful of sovereigns now and then into his wife's lap, or doubles his daughter's quarterly cheque for her dress allowance. The sale practice was at one time confined to a certain class of business—not the humblest, yet not the very highest, but to those big "pushing" shops where all depends on the nimbleness of the turnover. No longer is this the case; the lesson of rapid movement of capital being the source of profit rather than exorbitant percentages on each sale has been learned in the most exclusive circles; and I know but very few of the greatest establishments where nowadays there is not some sort of "season's sale at a great sacrifice." The rich woman

MAPPIN & WEBB.

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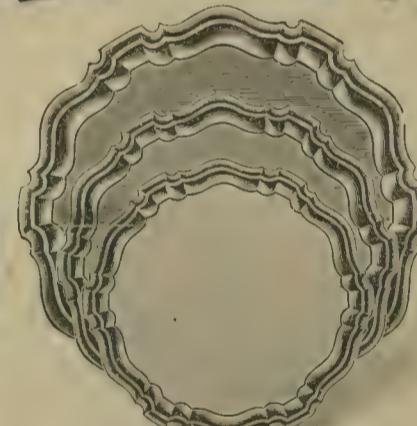
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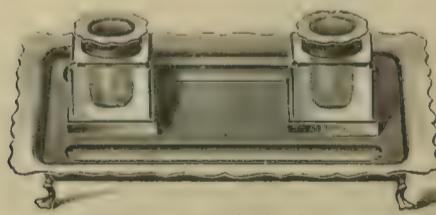
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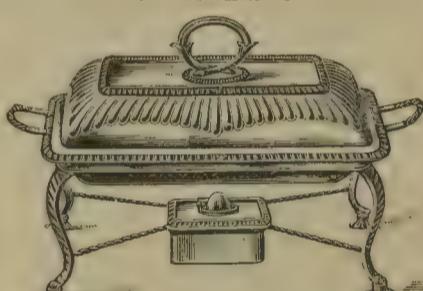


"James I." Muffin Dish.
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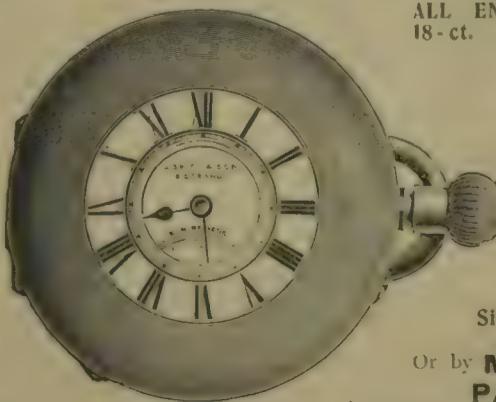
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ART NOTES.

THE sixth exhibition ("Art Congress" it is officially named) of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers will be open at the New Gallery till the 20th of February. Then the present exhibition, which is composed almost entirely of oil-paintings, will be replaced by the same society's collection of water-colours, pastels, drawings, and prints. That the exhibition should be international is its great claim on the picture-loving world; and its international function is certainly maintained, even while France is the most-favoured nation, and the most fortunate in its representation. The Society's president, M. Rodin, stands, of course, for the world's modern sculpture, not only France's Genius has ever been an international perquisite.

Both M. Rodin, the President, and Mr. Lavery, the Vice-President, are prominent at the New Gallery in their works as in their titles. The well-known "Le Baiser," a great marble group lent by Mr. E. P. Warren, is one of the sculptor's greatest works, and, as such, must have a full attention. It does not, perhaps, bear with it the atmosphere of much of his modern wind-swept marble, of which the "Paolo and Francesca," in the South Room, is a fine example. "Le Baiser" is a group of two figures of heroic proportions, but of most human, intimate, and tender feeling. The kiss has never, in marble, been expressed so well. Poetry has been trivial or extravagant, never so nobly true in its telling and praise of this embrace, so that M. Rodin has added to art's store a great record of an experience of every life. The emotional expression animating the figures is extraordinary. The in-taken breath of the man influences the whole mould of his body, so that legitimate material expression is at the command of the sculptor, who thus triumphs in immortalising

exactly in marble an intangible ecstasy, in what has hitherto been regarded as an unsculpturesque subject.

The "Paolo and Francesca" is marble that has been marvellously compelled into movement by the sculptor's chisel. And this is the more admirable an achievement when we consider that its movement is the vague commotion of the clouds. There is a gusty but perpetual motion about the whole composition, and the two pathetically helpless figures are abandoned to the inevitable force that carries them relentlessly on.

Internationality should not preclude nationality. But it must be admitted that England's art is not fittingly represented without the work of such men as Sargent, Clausen, La Thangue and Wilson Steer, to name some among the more excellent painters who are absent from the exhibition. But England's regular "Internationals" are this year at their best. Mr. Lavery's canvas, "The Ladies Evelyn and Norah Hely-Hutchinson," is as fine a piece of work as we remember from his brush. There is a certain directness and vigour about the arrangement of the two charmingly painted heads which is absent in the canvases that have too often followed the prettier conventions of portrait-painting. On the opposite wall in the same West Room hangs Mr. C. H. Shannon's "The Hon Mrs. Goldmann," and Mr. Shannon is one of our most sensitive painters. His decorative picture, "The Mill-Pond," in the North Room, suggests that he is emerging from the circle of definite old-masterliness into one of more modern intention. The picture's colour, its painting, the very character of the models is more, slightly more, in accordance with the practice of the studios of the day than is customary with him. Nor do we fear that any misfortune will befall Mr. Shannon's art if it is his intention to work with rather less attention to the ways and means of the past.

W. M.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Durham, whose health is steadily improving, has left Auckland Castle for a three weeks' rest. His neighbour, Dr. Diggle, the Bishop of Carlisle, proposes also to take his chief holiday in the winter, and is leaving on Jan. 26 for Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. The Bishops who have large holiday resorts in their dioceses are finding more and more that their presence is required for missions during the summer months.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, who has succeeded Dr. Springett as Vicar of Brixton, is one of the most popular open-air preachers in the Church of England. He has introduced in his new parish a Sunday afternoon service for men, which may in time prove not less successful than that which the Rev. Frank Swainson conducted in Sheffield.

Among the most interesting events of February, will be the addresses which the Archbishop of Canterbury has promised to give at the Polytechnic, in Regent Street, on the Fifth Sunday after Epiphany, and the Bishop of London on the afternoon of Septuagesima Sunday.

Canon Julian, the eminent hymnologist, who is now Vicar of Topcliffe, has received some valuable gifts from his old parishioners of Wincobank. In a speech made in response to the presentation, he said he had from the first placed his parish work in the forefront. The book which took him twenty years to put together has now spread over the whole world where the English language is spoken, and in some other countries besides. Only recently he heard of the "Dictionary of Hymnology" having been found on the shelves of the National Library of Japan at Tokio, as a representative English work.

V.

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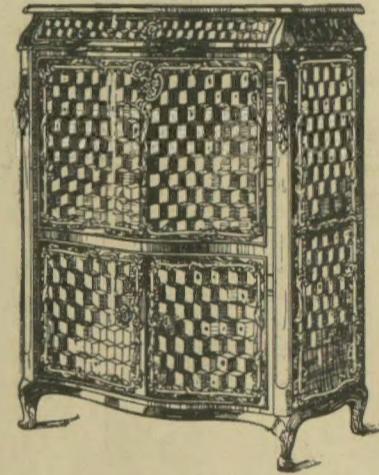
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated April 30, 1890); with three codicils, of MR. JAMES COATES, D.L., of Helperby Hall, Yorkshire, and late a partner in Coates, Son, and Co., the London Stock Exchange, who died on May 27, was proved on Dec. 14 by Major Edward Feetham Coates and Rev. Charles Hutton Coates, the sons, the value of the property being £98,006. The testator gives the Almshouses and Reading-Room at Helperby to his son Edward; £1000 to his son Charles Hutton; £100 per annum, in trust, for his son William James; £500 to his wife; £100 per annum to his sister Ann; £100 per annum to his brother Richard for life, and then £50 per annum to his daughter Mary. All other his estate and effects he leaves, in trust, for Mrs. Coates for life or widowhood, and subject thereto he gives furniture of the value of £1000 to each of his daughters; the Helperby Hall property, and the remainder of the household effects to his son Edward; and the ultimate residue to his children—Edward, Charles Hutton, Margaret Ann, and Elizabeth Augusta.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1898) of MR. CHARLES REYNOLDS WILLIAMS, of Dolmelynllyn, Dolgelly, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Dec. 16 by Romer Williams, the son, Eugene Wason, and Harry Wilmot Lee, the value of the estate being £85,087. The testator gives the household furniture, but not plate,

pictures and books, to his son; £1000 to his wife, and her income is to be made up to £1200 per annum; £200 to his nephew, George Thurston Williams; £200 each to Eugene Wason, and Harry Wilmot Lee; and £50 to each grandchild. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children, Romer, Mrs. Eleanor Mary Wason, and Mrs. Minna Constance Lee.

The will (dated July 26, 1901), with two codicils, of SIR HENRY CHARLES FISCHER, C.M.G., of Southover, Bromley, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 22 by Dame Sarah Fischer, the widow, and Thomas Charles Dewey, the value of the property amounting to £50,061. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund; £100 to the German Hospital; £100 to the Bromley Cottage Hospital; £300 for charitable institutions at Hannoversch Münden; £500, the household furniture, and an annuity of £500 to his wife; £300 each to his two children; and other legacies. Until the year 1910, £200 per annum is to be paid to each of his children, George and Elisabeth, and then he gives £1000 to his wife; annuities of £250 each to his two children, and the ultimate residue to his children equally.

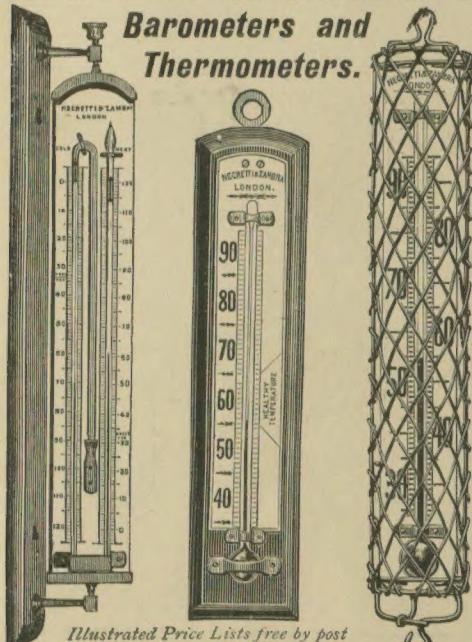
The will (dated Feb. 11, 1905), with two codicils, of MR. JAMES SCARLETT, of Sandringham Villa, Bowdon, who died on Sept. 29, has been proved by Stephen Edwin Scarlett, Thomas Beeley, John Henry Phillips, and Thomas H. Rigby, the value of the property being

£61,749. Mr. Scarlett gives £800 for such charitable institutions, objects and persons as his executors may think worthy of help and encouragement; £1500 to the Corporation of Manchester for a scholarship in Art; £1500 to the Manchester Victoria University for a scholarship in engineering; £1500 to the National Life-boat Institution for a life-boat to be called the *James Scarlett* and stationed on some part of the Lancashire coast; £1000 to Stephenson's Children's Home Orphanage and Refuge; £1000 to the Manchester and Salford Wesleyan Methodist Mission; £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society; £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Society; £500 to the Boys' and Girls' Refuge, Strangeways, Manchester; and many other legacies.

The will (dated June 6, 1899), with two codicils, of MR. JAMES BRANSBY YULE, of Netherhall, Poole Road, Bournemouth, and late of Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, and the Stock Exchange, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Fanny Yule, the widow, Bransby Williams Yule, the son, Frank Herbert Hill, and Cyrus William Walter Topham, the value of the property amounting to £43,283. The testator gives £800 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, and £50 each to his other executors. Subject thereto, all his property is to be held in trust to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Yule while she remains his widow, or £100 per annum should she again marry, and then in equal shares for his children.

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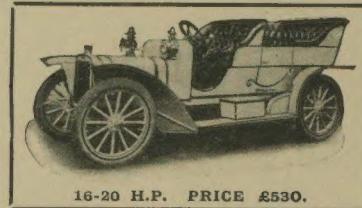
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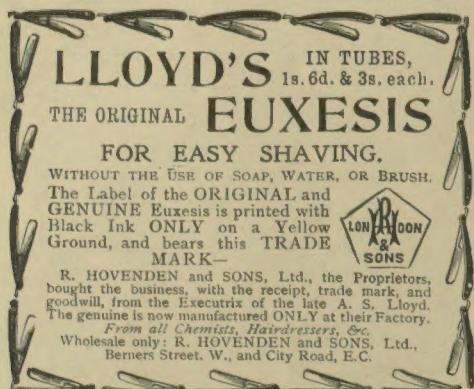
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346	4ft. " 6ft. "	1 4 0	0 19 0
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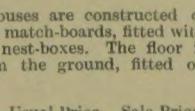
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329	4ft. " 5ft. "	1 0 0	0 16 0
330	5ft. " 6ft. "	1 5 0	0 19 0
331	6ft. " 6ft. 6in. high	1 10 0	1 4 0
332	7ft. " 6ft. 6in. high	1 16 0	1 8 0
333	8ft. " 7ft. high	2 2 0	1 12 0

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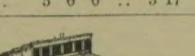
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494	9ft. by 6ft. "	5 0 0	3 17 6

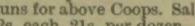


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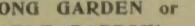
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608	17ft.	8ft.	6ft. 6in.	15 10 0	12 10 0
609	20ft.	12ft.	9ft.	18 0 0	14 10 0
610	20ft.	12ft.	9ft.	22 0 0	17 15 0
611	32ft.	14ft.	9ft.	30 0 0	25 0 0

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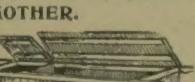
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10ft.	7ft.	4 10 0	30ft.	14ft.	18 10 0
12ft.	8ft.	5 15 0	35ft.	15ft.	27 10 0
15ft.	9ft.	7 10 0	40ft.	16ft.	32 0 0

Usual Price.

ft. in.	ft. in.	in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	in.	£ s. d.	£
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MUSIC.

THE Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Lowestoft was the one event of interest that the musical world had to offer in the first week of the New Year, and doubtless the long and enthusiastic discussion reported from that rather sleepy Suffolk town will set lovers of music thinking in many different ways of the problems that beset the art they love best. To us the most satisfactory point about the procedure is the obvious despair of the old-time musicians. In their half-veiled rebellion against the great romantic movement in British music, one finds the most hopeful augury of progress. A little reflection must serve to remind us all that for many years this island played a very small part in the work of musical development. England has done nothing for the sonata and the symphony, save by way of imitation, often sincere but not always inspired. To grand opera her contributions are so slight that they may be disregarded, while to the music-drama of Wagner she has yet to pay the flattery of imitation, for reasons too obvious to need setting down. But in these days some breath of life stirs the long dry bones of British music; we find men abandoning the rules that have been held to govern the classical forms, and tending at the bidding of

inspiration to relegate the science of composition to its proper place. Hence the tears of the professors.

The result seen in the frank welcome to certain modern musicians of British birth on the concert platforms of the Continent must steel us to disregard the rather pathetic appeal of the members of academies against the iconoclasm of modern men. This note of protest was heard quite clearly at the Lowestoft Conference, and it is an exceedingly good thing for music that our academicians should have plenty to complain about. Some, at least, ignore the fact that Bach, Gluck, and Wagner, to say nothing of Strauss, have done more to reform music and enlarge the boundaries of composition than any English-speaking musician. Their judgment of new music does not matter in the least. We have no wish to write without respect, but it must be clear to every thinking man that the educated, cultured section of the public gives the lasting musical verdict, and that the best teachers, and sometimes the best composers, are the worst judges. Schumann said: "Nothing that sounds right in music is wrong." But, in the long run, the educated public is the best judge of what sounds right, because it relies more upon its instinct than upon the schools. Mendelssohn found that Berlioz was an "eccentric crank without a spark of talent." Schumann said of Wagner: "He cannot write four consecutive bars that are melodious or even correct."

The critic of the *Athenaeum* found that Schumann himself wrote "unattractive cacophony," while endorsing Schumann's verdict upon Wagner and even extending the scope of the denunciation. Remembering these instances, and doubtless many readers can add considerably to the list, one gains confidence in the cultivated public opinion, and realises that the layman prefers inspiration to form, while many professors are satisfied with an elaborate composition that says nothing at all, in the most approved fashion of the schools. We would wish that the Incorporated Society of Musicians had held its meeting rather nearer London, and it is to be hoped that the proceeds will be published in fashion that will bring them readily within the reach of all who are interested in modern music. There was much sincerity of purpose and sound judgment in the views expressed at Lowestoft.

On the 27th inst. the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Mozart will be celebrated by a Commemoration Concert at Bechstein Hall given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under the auspices of the Concertgoers' Club and the direction of Mr. Henry Wood. A paper consisting of explanatory remarks on the works to be performed will be read by Mr. W. H. Hadow, than whom no saner critic or sounder judge of music lives and writes in England to-day.

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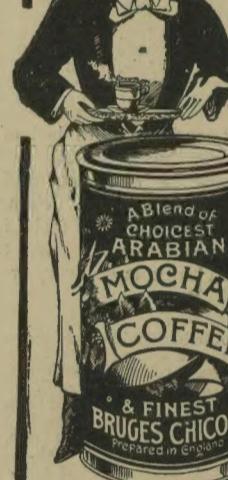
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NOTE.—Mr. W. M. Everett, President of the Evans Vacuum Cap Company, is now in London, at the Cecil Hotel, where he will remain until February 15.

Mr. Everett invites personal calls from all interested in the Evans Vacuum Cap, and will also give attention to any correspondence sent to him on the subject.

